

The Morgan, Sept. 4, '79.

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Dear Taylor:

I'm just "dressed" out clean to the drops. There's been a two-week's kink in my usually prolific fancy, and I can't get past it.

Been working on my lecture - trying to - but am scarcely over the threshold, and my time is almost up. Wish I could see you, and get lulled again. That's what you do for me, if you want to know - You lull me, and I wish I could be near you always.

Your letter was full of pure good, and I can never thank you enough for the love of that warm old heart of you that throbs in every line. I think you must be very happy always, and I hope you are. I don't pray often, but when I do you always come to my hand in hand with those I love - "And O! the children with us - tender lambs!"

My lecture is on poetry & Character, and I think you will like it. It is in layman, you know, fruit-

-caked together with original poems,
~~dialect~~ and otherwise. My idea is
to have it less profound than enter-
taining, but I think I'll have quite
a tang of the former element. I
do indeed. Tell you what I need: -
genial companionship; but I'm clear
out of gun-shot of it here. It's getting
awful. People all stop talking as I
pass along the street, and stare at
me like a "sun" in compound interest.
Can't get me "fixed" - nor I them,
and it's just naturally bearing
down, and shutting me up like a
Chinese lantern - or a concertina -
that's better - and squeezin' all
the music out o' me. I've been
trying to rest, but I don't be-
lieve I'm doing it. But I don't
want to tangle you up in my
troubles, and yet I'd give a hat-
ful of my ripest words to talk
with you an hour.

You're busy, too. That's good, for
you are doing good all the time
you are at work - only everybody
don't appreciate you as I do. They
don't know how, though, and you mustn't
blame them. But it's a glorious thought

To me, that someday we'll all be
made equal, and in rapport each
with every other of God's children.
Then how we will hug the dear
"For Gargoyles" and "Seven Blackpools",
and even the dull idiots that cannot
taste our kisses here. Ah! Taylor
mine, this shall be our HEAVEN!

When will you send another poem
to the Tribune? You have no
idea how many friends that made
for you among our literary people.
You're a reputation to sustain
here now, and I want to see
you at it.

— Tickled me — your description
of how you humped yourself up
in the corner, and twittered the
"Treat Odds" for the "quidemife." Your
conception of how it should be
rendered is my very own, and
I know you'd get it right, if you
hadn't said a word about it.

I've finished a poem to-day
that has some worth I think — though
it's not wholesome. It is called "Dililah",
with an approach toward the sensual
that I only indulge, believe me, for the

exercise of method &c. — not for
any pleasure found in the contem-
plation of the theme. And I will
have in next Tribune a Walker-
poem called "Marthy Ellen" — though in
that you will find more character,
perhaps, than poetry — for, —

"There's nothin' in the name to strike
A feller more'n common-like!

'Taint liable to git no praise,
Nor nothin' like it nowadays; —

And yet that name o' her'n is just
As purty as the purtiest —

And more'n that, I'm here to say
I'll live a-thinkin' that away

And die for Marthy Ellen! "

The Cincinnati Gazette letter has never
appeared, though I still look for it
a little — having been "interviewed" by
two different reporters. Of course
you have seen the Chicago Tribune
letter copied in the Herald. I would
have sent it to you a week earlier,
but didn't get a paper myself
till it was a week old. You will
find it verbatim in many respects,
only the "purling brooks" — the "murmuring
birds" — the "glance of tiny stars" and all
that you will recognize, I trust, as far
beyond my capabilities.

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You must wait yet a little for the picture. I will have some taken soon. I must — 'cause I'm going to sacrifice the mustache before I read this winter, beside its in my way for other reasons — and its too big for the little man, and keeps me tilted like a pair of stilts, or something. and its red anyhow, and don't match my hair — which is blue, you know. And now, Good bye! and, if you can, write me soon than you do generally. It seems ages between your letters.

As I close I've a bewildering consciousness of having left out the very things I wanted most to say, and misinterpreted in their stead the unimportant. You will forgive me, though I know.

Write soon, and let me know all that you are doing and dreaming for the future, and God bless us every one!

As Ever, with all loves,
Your friend,

M.R.